

He's Even Got His Very Own Ringtone

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He's Even Got His Very Own Ringtone

by [SlutForS8n](#)

Summary

"Can I tell you a secret?" Dream whispered as he brought a thumb down to tug at the younger's bottom lip as he hummed in acknowledgement, "I think about you when he fucks me."

Or

George is a cheater so dream takes comfort in snap.

Notes

Obviously this isn't real. George isn't a dick. Duh. Please, fuck off.

Anyways, once again, if any creator involved says that they are uncomfortable with this or things like it I will delete it because I'm not a cunt.

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Title is from Cupid's Chokehold

I love you all, mwah mwah °3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream knew it was wrong, of course he did, but honestly, he didn't care.

George was pretty. He had full lips and rosy cheeks and such a small frame which dream used to adore staring at.

He was gorgeous and he was *Dream's boyfriend*.

But he wasn't Sapnap.

Dream could look at Sapnap for hours. His big hands, his well-built frame, his soft jawline.

It was... different.

The kind of different that George couldn't give him.

Dream should feel bad, but it's not like George was any better.

He liked to pretend he didn't notice, sit there in feigned ignorance as he watched George, neck littered with hickeys that weren't left by him, and pretended he was oblivious.

Sapnap noticed too. The first time he'd spotted the marks on the brunette's neck was while they were sat in a group call, silently deciding that sending a text to Dream would be the best course of action.

Sap:

You noticed?

He held his breath quietly as he waited for a response.

Dream:

I noticed.

Okay... so that was... odd.

The minute the call ended Sapnap immediately hightailed it to Dream's room, opening the door slowly to find the blonde throwing a clean T-shirt over his head and taking a gulp of the beer on his desk.

"Where are you going?" Sapnap asked as he locked eyes with the older boy, Dream looking around his room for the phone he must have misplaced at some point.

"To get railed," he smiled as he found it and pushed past the younger boy, picking up his car keys from the kitchen counter and walking out through the front door.

And now, almost 6 months later, nothing has changed.

George still cheated regularly and Dream still pretended to be oblivious, although the marks were getting darker and higher, making it harder to ignore.

"How's George?" The younger boy asked as he dropped down on the sofa next to Dream. It was a surprisingly cold day given their place of residence and the pair had decided to stay inside all day, drink beer and watch shitty Netflix movies, "I haven't seen him in like three days."

And as soon as he'd said it, he instantly regretted it. The grimace that landed on the blonde's face was enough to tell him everything he needed to know.

"He's 'staying at a friends'," Dream laughed sourly, shutting off his phone to look at the shorter boy, "and we both know what that means."

Sapnap winced at the tone of his voice. Yeah, he did know what that meant. It meant that George was out railing some stupid twink because, for some absolutely *unfathomable* reason, George didn't think that Dream was enough, "I'm sorry."

"I'm not," The blonde was looking at him with an amused grin, "let him fuck whoever he wants."

Okay... Sapnap was confused now. Dream never got *exceptionally* upset when he knew that George was out cheating, but usually he at least seemed a little sad. Today he just... didn't seem phased.

"Did you two split up?" Sapnap asked softly, searching Dream's face to pick up on any hints of hidden emotions, eyes flicking back up to him when the younger boy found nothing.

"No, but I don't think that matters."

And suddenly the taller boy's hand was on the side of Sapnap's face, eyes locking with his as they shin with something devious. The brunette noticed the small smirk pulling at his lips and it told him everything he needed to know.

"Nah, princess don't think it matters one bit," Sapnap whispered as Dream moved to straddle his thighs.

"Can I tell you a secret?" Dream whispered as he brought a thumb down to tug at the younger's bottom lip as he hummed in acknowledgement, "I think about you when he fucks me."

And suddenly Sapnap couldn't fucking breathe. The idea of Dream imagining that it was him fucking him so good and so hard while George was actually the one on top of him was so hot.

"Yeah?" Sapnap smirked as a conceited smirk tugged at his lips, "well, I can promise you I'm better than him."

Dream laughed softly as his hand moved to play with the hair at the nape of the other boy's neck, "you think so?"

"Oh, I know so," Sapnap let his hand drift from Dream's hip to his stomach, pushing up the fabric of his shirt and flattening it across the skin, "I'll make sure you can feel me right here, deeper than George could ever go."

The blonde's breath hitched at the words paired with the light pressure, "prove it."

And in almost an instant, Sapnap was standing up with the blonde's legs wrapped around his waist.

To anyone else, they probably would have been a sight to see. Dream was 6'3 while Sapnap stood at an almost measly 5'8 in comparison, but neither would have had it any other way.

The shorter boy insisted on sucking bruises into the blonde's neck as he climbed the stairs haphazardly, eventually making it to Dream's room and placing him down on the bed.

"You sure you're good with this?" Sapnap asked quietly as he linked their hands together and leaned down to kiss at his jaw with little intent, waiting on Dream's answer before going any further.

"He cheats on me regularly. Why wouldn't I be good with this?"

Sapnap sighed.

"You know why."

And yeah, Dream did.

He knew it was because it meant more to both of them than they were letting on. He knew that Sapnap wanted him and he knew that he desperately wanted him back, despite still being in a relationship with George, granted a fucking awful one, but a relationship none the less.

Dream looked back at him and his eyes softened, "Yeah. I'm so fucking ready."

And Sapnap smiled.

"Good boy."

Dream felt his gut twist at that as he let out a small whine.

"Oh, we like the praise then?"

And, yeah, he really did.

"Mmhmm," he huffed out as Sapnap slowly untied the strings on his sweatpants, "George never praises me. He was, *fuck*, he was always so *quiet*."

Sapnap laughed at that.

"George? Boring in bed? I'll pretend to be shocked," he teased as Dream choked out a laugh, Sapnap pressing his palm into Dream's cock through his sweats to pull the noise into a cut off moan.

Sapnap began to leave darker marks on Dream's neck, only being egged on more by the fact that George would probably notice them, when suddenly, Dream's phone rings from the pocket of his sweats.

They lock eyes and immediately, Dream smirks.

"It's George," the blonde's eyes were filled with something devious and he pulled out the phone and put it on silent, the buzzing of vibrate mode still going on but it was much more quiet than the previous personalised ringtone.

Sapnap finally, *finally*, pulls off Dream's sweats, tugging his boxers down in the process as the brunette rubs gently at his thighs.

"How far are you wanting to go?" He asked, waiting for an answer, even if he thought he definitely

already knew what it would be.

"Fuck me, Sap."

And, *yeah*, Sapnap wasn't going to object.

He moved to Dream's bedside table, opening the bottom drawer before pulling out the half-empty bottle of lube.

"How did you know where that was?"

"Really? The bottom drawer? God, you're so predictable."

And as he got back onto the bed, crawling between Dream's legs, he could feel himself getting progressively more excited.

Sapnap slicked up three of his fingers, rubbing them together to warm them up, before pressing one against Dream's hole.

He pushed in slowly, watching the older boy's face for any sign of discomfort and when he found none, continued to stretch him, vaguely aware of Dream's phone still buzzing occasionally.

He moved up to two fingers, crooking them up to try and find Dream's spot, knowing he'd hit it when he heard a loud whine and felt his hips jolt.

"Holy fuck, another," Dream groaned as he threw his head back, and Sapnap was happy to oblige as he pushed in a third finger.

He continued stretching him for a few minutes before his incessant moaning and begging became too much and Sapnap finally caved.

"Fine, but if I hear even *one* complaint tomorrow about how your ass hurts, I am moving out."

He pulled his fingers gently and tugged down his own jeans and boxers, slicking up his cock before he got a small nod of approval and began pushing in slowly.

The moan that dream let out was almost unbeatable and his head dropped to the side once again, drool spilling onto the bed as his eyebrows pulled together and he moaned desperately.

He bottomed out, whispering quiet praises to dream as he let him relax properly, beginning to thrust softly when Dream muttered a quiet '*move*'.

He started slow, drinking up the soft mewls and the drawn out whines, speeding up and practically chasing the loud moans and ear splitting whines as they began to escape.

"Bet Georgie cant fuck you like this," he grunted as he pulled one of Dream's legs up over his shoulder, "bet he doesn't make you feel this good."

"No. No, never. Only you, fuck, please."

Not even 30 seconds later, Sapnap heard the buzzing again, becoming Increasingly irritated at it, he picked it up and moved to turn it off before Dream interrupted.

"Send him a video."

And if Sapnap wasn't so desperate to keep fucking Dream, he would have cum right then and there.

"Yeah?"

"God, please."

So Sapnap did exactly as was asked of him. He pulled up Snapchat, and resumed his rough pace, fucking deep and hard as Dream's eyes rolled back and his cock twitched.

He began recording and instantly sped up, Dream letting out another cry. He filmed Dream's face before trailing down to his cock, watching it disappear and reappear from inside of the blonde boy.

"Beg for me Dream," he demanded, punctuating his request with a hard hit to Dream's prostate.

"Oh fuck, Sapnap, holy shit. Fuck, fuck me," was what the older boy came up with, unable to string together full sentences anymore.

With that he ended the video, saving it before captioning it with "*He's busy. Fuck off,*" and hitting send.

Dream's jaw fell open as he locked eyes with Sapnap, his body jolting with the force of the younger boy's thrusts, "you send it?"

A breathy laugh fell from the other boy's lips, "yeah."

And almost as if on queue, his phone began buzzing repeatedly, making Dream's devilish smile only grow.

Sapnap looked down at him and felt his chest swell.

He looked a fucking mess.

His blonde hair was matted and stuck to his forehead with sweat and his neck was littered in hickeys ranging from dark, purple to light pinks.

How could George fuck up this bad? He was fucking gorgeous.

"God, you're so pretty," Sapnap breathed as he moved to lean forward, pushing the blonde's leg up against his chest to thrust deeper, "take me so well."

Dream whined as he was rendered essentially voiceless, Sapnap hitting his prostate on every single thrust. His eyes rolled backward as a choked off noise that sounded suspiciously like 'Sapnap'

escaped his open mouth.

"Does Georgie fuck you like this?" He teased breathlessly, "can he get this deep? Make you feel this good?"

Dream's head shook wildly as noises of disagreement escaped his mouth.

The younger boy, continuing his rough thrusts, moved his hand to grip at Dream's wrist, pulling his hand down to rest on his lower stomach pushing down roughly and Dream fucking *moaned*.

He could *feel* it.

He could feel every movement that Sapnap made inside him, the bulge in his stomach made his back arch.

And holy *shit* it was hot.

"'M gonna cum," Dream managed to stutter out between low moans, watching for his reaction.

Sapnap only went faster, somehow managing to keep Dream's leg pressed up to his chest as he did, "me too, baby."

It didn't take long. This mix of his hand still pushed against his stomach, feeling Sapnap inside him, and the rough thrusts to his prostate, Dream was cumming.

It was drawn out and the coils in his stomach slowly unravelled, his hips jolting upwards and his cock twitching before he spurted thick ropes out onto his stomach.

Sapnap moaned at the sight of it, Dream essentially just letting him use his body to get off as the blonde boy tightened perfectly around his cock.

He came suddenly and almost without warning, filling up the older boy with his cum.

Sapnap's breath heaved as he slowly pulled out, letting Dream's leg drop down onto the bed as he rolled next to him, jumping when he felt something repeatedly buzz underneath him.

He laughed softly before the blonde looked over at him.

“What?”

“Someone's in trouble.”

Dream laughed and held out his hand for the phone, pushing his sweaty hair out of his red face.

He answered it and was immediately hit with George's loud screaming

“Who the *fuck* do you think you are?! You let Sapnap *fuck you*?! ”

“Oh, don't act like you haven't been cheating on me for six fucking months.”

The line went silent, only Dream's heavy breathing to be heard.

“You knew about that,” he asked quietly.

Dream laughed.

“Of course I fucking new,” the anger in his tone was barely there, but still enough so to the point that Sapnap could pick up on it ever so slightly.

“Why Sap?” George questioned bitterly, “Why him?”

Dream thought for a moment, locking eyes with the younger boy and smirking deviously.

“Because he fucks me better than you ever did.”

And with that, Dream ended the call, dropping the phone onto the carpet next to his bed and rolling over to cuddle into Sapnap.

“Guess he didn’t take it well,” the shorter boy joked, watching a smile tug on the blonde’s lips.

“Nah. But I take it well enough for the both of us,” he teased with a wink, feeling the brunette’s chest rumble against his ear as he let out a chuckle,

“Yeah, you do.”

Dream listened to Sapnap’s heartbeat as he felt the other boy’s breathing even out, indicating that he’d drifted off to sleep.

Dream followed soon after, the warmth of the shorter boy’s arms lulling him off softly.

End Notes

Hello!! Some quick notes here at the end!!

1. To all the people worrying because I said I got a few death threats on my first piercing fic, it’s okay! They’re making me feel famous! Just keep on feeding my superiority complex mf ;)
2. To the people telling me to stop fetishising mlm and nblm, I am literally non-binary. I am a nblm. Please stop telling me not to fetishise myself just because I look relatively feminine. I don’t owe you androgyny. Fuck off. You sound dumb.
3. If you leave kudos and comments I will give you a cookie and kiss your forehead <3

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